

## THE NEW PLAYS

"Taboo"  
Casts Voodoo Spell

BY CHARLES DARNTON

If civilization is only skin deep it may depend somewhat upon the color of the skin, judging by "Taboo," the voodoo play by Mary Hoyt Wiborg that might have further disheartened the author of "Birthright" if he had happened to be at the Harris Theatre yesterday afternoon.

It is rather curious that this wild, ching, pulsing, jumping and yelping, should be the work of a woman, unless we consider that even the gentlest creature to-day may at heart be savage with jazz, which here can be traced to its lair. Be that as it may, "Taboo" casts a voodoo spell with its snakes, toads and other charms, its strange incantations and its grotesque people. It is voodooism turned loose in Louisiana and harking back to the African jungle. So far as story goes there is nothing more than the haunting dread of a woman, the mistress of a plantation, for the fate of a defective white grandchild believed to be under the voodoo curse. This child falls in with a wandering darkey lost in a swamp much like Emperor Jones and given to weird imaginations of remote inspiration. At sight of him when he reaches the plantation, the distraught woman falls dead. The stranger is threatened with lynching, when speech finally comes to the child—"moon baby," as a mammy calls him—and so Jim's life is saved. All the trouble is really caused by a drought, with the superstitions it excites. By this means Miss Wiborg, who has evidently made a thorough study of her subject, swings into the uncanny business and makes it a barbaric spectacle.

Scores of Negroes, warming up to their work until they created a distinct atmosphere, were the life and spirit of the frenzied affair. They acted with the freedom and instinct that marked the performances given by a similar company at the Garden Theatre a number of years ago. The drought that brought on the swamp orgy was not of the Volstead variety, for there were at least two bottles of whiskey in the party. The Negroes might easily have got along without any other stimulant than the natural alcohol in their veins had it not been necessary to saturate with whiskey the "luck ball" given Mrs. Gaylord by way of making her feel easier about her grandchild.

Jim's dream was even wilder, for it went back to the African jungle, went back, indeed, with a vengeance. Here Mrs. Gaylord was transformed into the Queen of the tribe clamoring for rain, and by her order the white child was offered, as a sacrifice. This dream had the suggestion of reality in the survival of a superstition hinted at, to say the least, in darkest Louisiana. There was still the story of a white child "spirited away" by a black stranger—not exactly a best-time story, as you must agree, yet effective in a voodoo play.

Except when they were occasionally given words that seemed out of character, the Negro players were thoroughly convincing. This was especially true of Marie Stuart and Fannie Belle de Knight, crooning, muttering and laughing by turn. With all their doubts and fears, they were not without the saving humor of the race. In the groping superstition of Jim, as played by Paul L. Robinson, there was something of the Gilpin power that made "The Emperor Jones" so gripping and so pitiful. He also fairly leaped into the fantastic role of the jungle King. Alex Rogers was another who did good work.

By way of relaxation—having only five roles in "Back to Methuselah"—Margaret Wyckoff played the Southern lady and the dusky Queen. In the black wig of Mrs. Gaylord she

looked and acted as though she had stepped out of a Greek tragedy in a forgetful moment, and as the mighty one of the jungle who set her teeth so hard that she was a bit difficult to understand for a primitive creature. But her moments of sheer passion struck fire, and she was always an imposing figure.

Augustin Duncan achieved a picture-perfect production, though the imagination balked at Jim's hiding behind what looked like a curtain on the plantation in the final scene. I may be wrong, but no one can make me believe that curtains grow on even the most productive of plantations.

## JOE'S CAR

THESE CAR OWNERS GIMME A PAIN! THEY THINK TH' FACTORIES ARE TRYIN' T'SEE WHO CAN BUILD TH' CAR THAT'LL STAND THE MOST ABUSE— IF THEY CAN'T WRECK A CAR IN A WEEK THEY THINK IT'S A BEAR!



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HE'LL CRAWL UNDER A FENCE CAREFUL SO'S NOT T'HURT HIS THIRTY DOLLAR SUIT, BUT HE SLAMS HIS THREE THOUSAN' DOLLAR CAR OVER A SHELL HOLE ROAD AN' EXPECTS IT T'COME HOME AS GOOD AS EVER!!



—AN' HOW HE MOANS WHEN WE HAND HIM A REAS'NABLE BILL FOR PUTTIN' IT IN A-I SHAPE AGIN! GOLLY!!



HOW'S SHE COMIN' ON MIKE? MADE OF TIN, AIN'T SHE—? I S'POSE YOU'LL MURDER MY BANK ROLL ON THIS JOB!—?!!

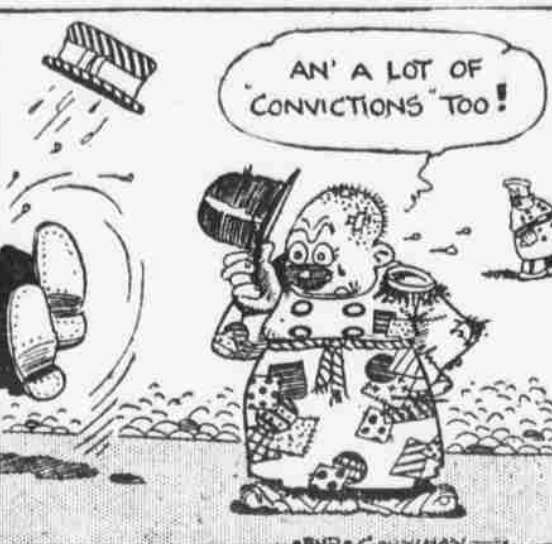
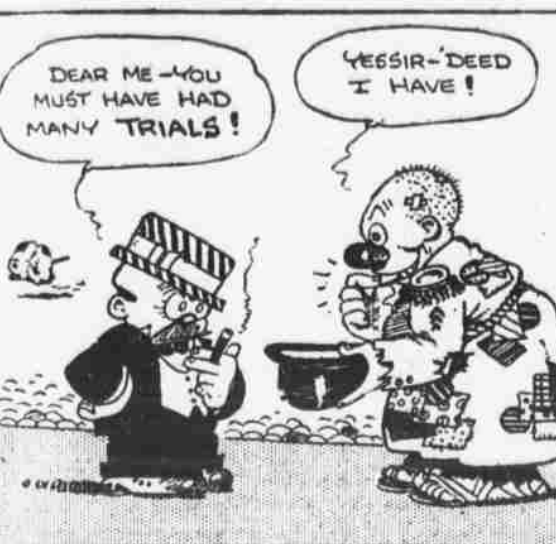
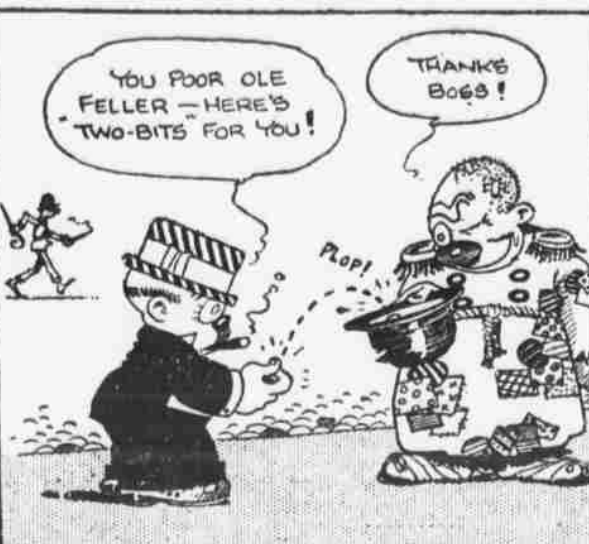


## Throw Him Out!

## THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY



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## Not All Mistrials, Either!

About Plays  
and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

JOE FLYNN writes us from Richmond, Va., to tell of an exciting mix-up he was in recently. Joe was relieving the doorman at the theatre there and, when Frank Tinney was ready to begin his didoes on the stage, a big, husky countryman, who had handed Joe a ticket, took occasion to poke said Joe in the nose. A commotion followed and when they pried them apart the countryman was asked what was the matter.

"Matter?" he snorted. "I ben insulted. I handed this little guy a good ticket to the show and he grabbed it and ripped it right in half. That's why I belted him."

Joe writes he may get over it but he'll never look the same.

## OLD KING RETURNS.

Herbert Corbell is again King of the Isle of Tangerine at the Casino. When "Tangerine" was originally produced in Washington the rotund Herb was the King. For some reason or other he abdicated and Jack Hazzard followed him on the throne. Then came Hansford Wilson and his successor was Richard Carle. Illinois has caused King Dick to give up the throne and King Herb is again "it."

## A REAL CALAMITY.

Al Sanders told us a story last night and we think it's good enough to repeat here. Al said a little fat German merchant boarded a train, and when the conductor asked for his ticket it was not to be found.

"I bought it, but got become of it I don't know," said the passenger, as he searched his pockets.

"I'll go through the car and come back," said the conductor. Fifteen minutes later he returned to the German. The ticket was still missing.

"You don't look like a man who would try to beat the railroad," said the conductor finally. "Let it go. It's all right."

"All right, you say?" came from the German. "No, sir. Now I don't know vers I gits off."

## OUR OWN NOTABLES.

YAWNING MIKE—His real name was Arthur Penny Schwab, but his friends called him Nelson for short. He lived in Popo, Pa., and was a snow-shoveller by trade. Each day he would stand on the corner of Main Street and Pickens Avenue with his mouth wide open. It was merely a habit, but it gave people the impression that he was yawning and everybody who saw him yawned. As a result the crowds passing that corner became sleepy and, instead of patronizing the stores, went home and rested. This, of course, caused the merchants much uneasiness and they finally made a protest to the city council. Mike was summoned before the councilmen and asked to keep his mouth shut. He said he would, but it immediately flopped open and the whole city council became so drowsy that it forgot to pass an ordinance giving Martin Bluch a contract for equipping Main Street with trash cans. Bluch was so angry about it that he had Mike sent to an institution at Sleepy Forks, where he died with his mouth open in 1916. He was buried at night so that the funeral party wouldn't become bored.

## GOSSIP.

"Partners Again" will open at Stamford April 14. "Marjoline" will be played on April 19 as a benefit for the Catholic Settlement Association of Brooklyn. Fifty ice-men will see "Good Morning, Dearie," to-night. We'll bet they have an ice time. J. M. Kerrigan and Barry Maculium are to be in the cast supporting Helen MacKellar in "The Shadow." The "Shuffle Along" company will tender its business staff a testimonial at the 63d Street Music Hall Sunday night.

"Some Party" will be the title of the revue presented at Johnson's Theatre by De Wolf Hopper's Funnies. Sport Pazzamba, who thumps the tom-tom in "The Hindu," is a Cingalese. He has thumped before crowned heads.

Al Jolson has written Mayor Hylan thanking him for his letter of good wishes. Al says Mr. Hylan is a first class Mayor.

## LITTLE MARY MIXUP



## Why Look Any Further?

## KATINKA



## Educational Stuff!

Screenings  
By DON ALLEN

## TIMES DO CHANGE.

Tempus, while it is fugiting, certainly works wonders, now, doesn't it?

A few years ago gum manufacturers put mirrors on slot machines so that women could see whether their hats were on straight or not.

Yesterday Mae Murray was strolling along Fifth Avenue when a very flippant and flapperish flapper hailed her.

"Pardon me, Miss Murray," started the flap, "but would you mind telling me whether my hat is on crooked?"

"Yes," assured Mae, after a critical look.

"Thanks, so much," rushed the flap. "I thought it might have worked around straight, and that would never do. Good-by!"

## ANSWERS.

ANNA KELLY—You win. Mary Carr played the mother in "Over the Hill" and Margaret Seddon played the filly maternal parent in "Boomerang Bill."

MYERS—If Valentino entered a popularity contest he'd probably finish way up front. But he wouldn't get our vote.

CRUCES—No, Monty Banks didn't hit one of the lions during his latest lecture. We know this because none of the lions has died.

MICHAEL—Yes, S. Goldwyn's name was originally Goldfish.

## STUDIO SCRAPPED.

The oldest and most interesting, from a historical point of view, of the score of studios in Los Angeles is to be "scrapped" because Louis B.

Mayer and B. P. Schulberg, President of Preferred Pictures, Inc., have combined their producing interests.

The new combination will henceforth work in the big studio in which Mayer has produced First National Pictures for so long.

The scrapped studio was first occupied by the old Biograph Company and later by Thomas H. Ince, and under these two able directors some of the history-making pictures were made there. It was later joined by Preferred Pictures and lately has been housing the film activities of Katherine MacDonald and her company.

It is said the studio building will probably be torn down.

## GERMANY WANTS IT.

By way of illustrating the peculiarities of human nature, German motion picture exhibitors are now clamoring for the right to show "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" in their country. This scrambling for German rights comes almost on top of the great hue and cry made by the German Ambassador in Paris over the showing of the film in the French capital.

Exception was taken against the French showing by the German officials because they claimed the picture would renew the war hatred against Germany. Despite this plea the film is being shown in France and now Germany wants it.

Evidently the German exhibitors believe the German masses will be

lured in the message delivered by the picture. When the German rights are settled, every country in the world save Russia will have seen the film.

## DO YOU KNOW—

That Harold Lloyd wants to play "Richard III."

That Herbert Grimwood, English screen player, escaped from a German prison by bribing his guard with a piece of soap?

That Chaplin is suing a man who imitates him?

That Fred Stone refuses to kiss any leading ladies?

That the leading ladies are just as well pleased?

That Tom Mix owns a dress suit?

Do you care much?

## THE LATEST.

Charles W. Boyer, who has won his screen spurs in several recent pictures, was travelling through the "weeds" recently and was dressed to kill. The train hesitated at a small Mid-Western town long enough for Charlie to stroll out and do a scowling stretch. He was wearing a brand-new pair of light blond spats.

"Hey, Mike!" yelled a freckle-faced station hanger to another, "pipe the guy wearin' leggin's inside his pants."

Then the conductor yelled: "BOARD!"

## SOUNDS CIRCUSSY.

We knew the circus was in town, but didn't think it would affect as level-headed a director as Charles Bryant, who swung the megaphone during Nazimova's filming of "Rahome."

But judging from a line of chatter he uttered yesterday, Bryant must have read and absorbed some circus twenty-four sheets. For he said:

"Mine, Nazimova and I decided not to accept any existing model for Rahome, but that it should be developed from the fragmentary Biblical allusions."

"Allegorically, the civilization of the Jews as well as the dawn of the Christian era is set forth through the medium of an art suggested at times by the typographical marks of an Aubrey Beardsley. The characters are those that were met at the court of Herod, Tetrarch of Judea."

Barbara La Marr, who plays the adventures in "The Prisoner of Zenda," had a narrow escape from death in an auto crash yesterday.

Well, that is, it was just narrow enough to get a little mention, but that's about all it amounted to.

Tom Mix yesterday gave his new daughter a nice present. It is a hand-carved redwood bootjack.

## CUT-BACKS.

A little green parrot that plays an important part in "Sonny," the latest Barthelmess film, is unique. He put the "American Army" to rout during the filming. A dozen or more A. E. F. vets will swear that Polly can sure bite some.

"Spanish leopards are all right," muses Bob Leonard. "But they are not allowed to flap."

One touch of Prohibition makes the whole world a skin. A Metro representative writes us from Paris and says:

"The Parisian must have the joy of things forbidden. Absinthe being the only beverage forbidden here, the natives insist on carrying it on the hip."

Alice Terry, screen star, designs all her own costumes. But that is no excuse to address her as "a designing woman."

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William Fox specials on the coast. This is his first California appearance in more than a year.

William Russell in "The Man of Zanzibar" has for his support Ruth Denick, Claude Peyton, Harvey Clarke, Arthur Morrison and Michael Dark.

Earl Metcalfe, widely-known screen "heavy," yesterday signed a contract with Goldwyn.

Zip! There goes another illusion. Fat O'Malley was born in Forest City, Pa. And with that name too.

Cowboys and rough riders of Wyoming are planning a great rodeo during the time the "Lady Godiva" film plays in that section. These men live in the saddle and are greatly interested in bareback riding. (But they won't say whether it is the back of the horse or that of "Lady Godiva" they are so interested in.)

"PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES" SHOULD NOT THROW STONES.

When the Scotch came over with James I, the windows of their houses were broken at the instance of the Duke of Buckingham and others.

The Scots, in return, broke the windows in Buckingham's Palace, known as the "Glass House." He complained to the King, who replied: "Those who live in glass houses, Steenie, should be careful how they throw stones."

## RHYMED THRILLS

B. M. K., a man who works in Wall Street, has sent us a thrill. He says that if he wins the song, "You May Hold Me Tight If You Get Me Tight," he'll give it to his stenographer. Look:

I went home tired Monday night,  
In blessed sleep to find delight,  
I hoped the kids would let alone  
Our phonograph of rusty tone.

We dined; then Mary, with a laugh,  
Said: "Now we'll play the phonograph."  
A thrill then came to me; disgusted,  
She found the phonograph was busted.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

"I used to think football a great game," said a Wellsville man yesterday, "when they had the flying wedge." He's an undertaker.

FOOLISHMENT.

There was a fat fellow named Glenn,  
So portly that frequently when  
Face downward he'd fall,  
He'd smile, that was all,  
And groggily bounce up again.